ECLIPSE COMICS
No. 2 $1.50
$2 CANADA
PREMBUTION
TASTE TITANIUM, TURKEY!

The PENUMBRA

ECLIPSE COMICS • P. O. BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

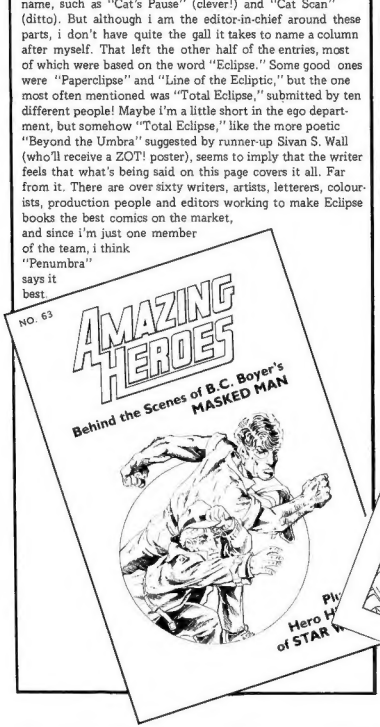
AND THE WINNER IS. . . : As you can see by the title above this column, the monthly editorial page has been named . . . and the winner of the Name-the-Column contest is Chris Cavell of 9111 Chilson Street, Pinckney, Michigan 48169. Chris will receive a free six-issue subscription to one of our comics.

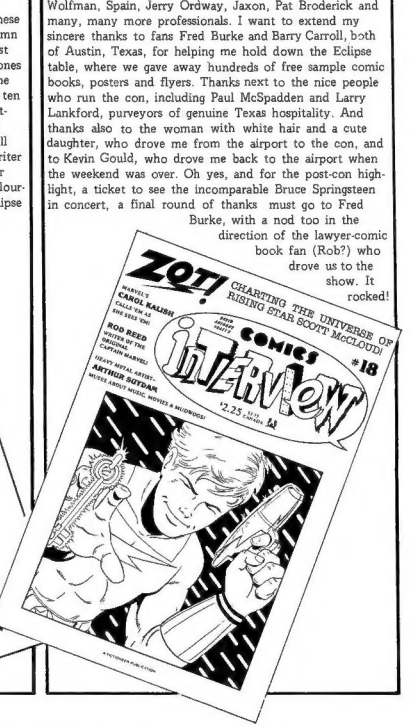
And what does "Penumbra" mean? Glad you asked! The shadow cast by a planet or satellite (such as the moon) when the sun is behind it is called the "umbra." If you're inside the area of the umbra, you will witness a total eclipse. (Eclipse – get it?) Outside the umbra is a region of partial shadow, called the "penumbra" (from the Latin "paene" (almost) and "umbra" (shadow)).

About half the titles suggested were plays on my name, such as "Cat's Pause" (clever!) and "Cat Scan" (ditto). But although i am the editor-in-chief around these parts, i don't have quite the gall it takes to name a column after myself. That left the other half of the entries, most of which were based on the word "Eclipse." Some good ones were "Paperclipse" and "Line of the Ecliptic," but the one most often mentioned was "Total Eclipse," submitted by ten different people! Maybe i'm a little short in the ego department, but somehow "Total Eclipse," like the more poetic "Beyond the Umbra" suggested by runner-up Sivan S. Wall (who'll receive a ZOT! poster), seems to imply that the writer feels that what's being said on this page covers it all. Far from it. There are over sixty writers, artists, letterers, colourists, production people and editors working to make Eclipse books the best comics on the market, and since i'm just one member of the team, i think "Penumbra" says it best.

COVER STORY: Down below you'll see the covers to a pair of commentary magazines no Eclipse-lover will want to miss. AMAZING HEROES no. 63 cover-features B.C. Boyer's new bi-monthly comic, THE MASKED MAN, while COMICS INTERVIEW no. 18 does the same honour for Scott McCloud's ZOT! Both magazines contain great interviews with the creators of these popular comics, and i think they reveal a lot of behind-the-scenes information about what's upcoming in these titles too. Check 'em out.

THANKS WHERE THEY'RE DUE: The weekend after Thanksgiving i went to the Dallas winter convention, a truly rip-roaring affair attended by such luminaries as Harvey Kurtzman, Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, Marv Wolfman, Spain, Jerry Ordway, Jaxon, Pat Broderick and many, many more professionals. I want to extend my sincere thanks to fans Fred Burke and Barry Carroll, both of Austin, Texas, for helping me hold down the Eclipse table, where we gave away hundreds of free sample comic books, posters and flyers. Thanks next to the nice people who run the con, including Paul McSpadden and Larry Lankford, purveyors of genuine Texas hospitality. And thanks also to the woman with white hair and a cute daughter, who drove me from the airport to the con, and to Kevin Gould, who drove me back to the airport when the weekend was over. Oh yes, and for the post-con highlight, a ticket to see the incomparable Bruce Springsteen in concert, a final round of thanks must go to Fred Burke, with a nod too in the direction of the lawyer-comic book fan (Rob?) who drove us to the show. It rocked!





AXEL PRESSBUTTON ™ Vol. 1, No. 2, December 1984. Published bi-monthly by Eclipse Comics, P. O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Pressbutton © 1984 Pedro Henry, Steve Dillon & Quality Communications. "Warpsmith" © 1984 Alan Moore/Garry Leach. "A True Story" © 1984 Steve Moore/Dave Gibbons. Text © 1984 Dez Skinn. Cover art © 1984 Dave Gibbons. All other material © 1984 Eclipse Comics. All rights reserved. Dez Skinn, Editor. Mike Friedrich/Star*Reach, Transatlantic Agent. Printed in Canada.

When you just got to have it . . . Kritter-DCP . . . just as much talent and half the ego of other scanners.

WANTED
FOR MASS MURDER

AXEL PRESSBUTTON

Registered occupation: FLORIST
MALE/CYBORG
Age: 30–35
Weight: 450 lbs (approximation)
Height: 6 feet 6 inches.
Eyes: Grey.
Hair: None.
Build: Artificial.
Distinguishing features: None
Homeworld: Uncertain.
First traced in Altair system. Body 76% ingested by Vegan Green Fungus; ferro-synth cyborg replacement frame. Titanium cleaver.
Resident on Ormuz: 6 weeks (standard calendar). Arrived as freight from planet Depravity, Klaproth Cluster. Tourist. No known means of support.

MYSTA MYSTRALIS

Registered occupation: LASER ERASER (licensed)
FEMALE
Age: 21 (unverified statement)
Weight: 111 lbs.
Height: 5 feet 5 inches.
Eyes: Green.
Hair: Auburn, long.
Build: Slim.
Distinguishing features: Absence of navel.
Homeworld: Dendrellis.
Raised and trained by Dendrellian Order of Assassins. Order subsequently massacred by Mystralis; no known survivors.
Resident on Ormuz: 2 years 7 months (standard calendar). Formerly employed as licensed Laser Eraser, by Ormuz Security Agency. Contract nullified.

Wanted in connection with crimes of murder on the planet Ormuz. 23 recorded victims.
Unauthorised laser-slay of Eminence Oris Pelagon, Ormuz Central Government.
Unauthorised cleaving of 3 Security Constables.
Unauthorised incineration of 19 Special Patrol Agents.

¢10,000 REWARD

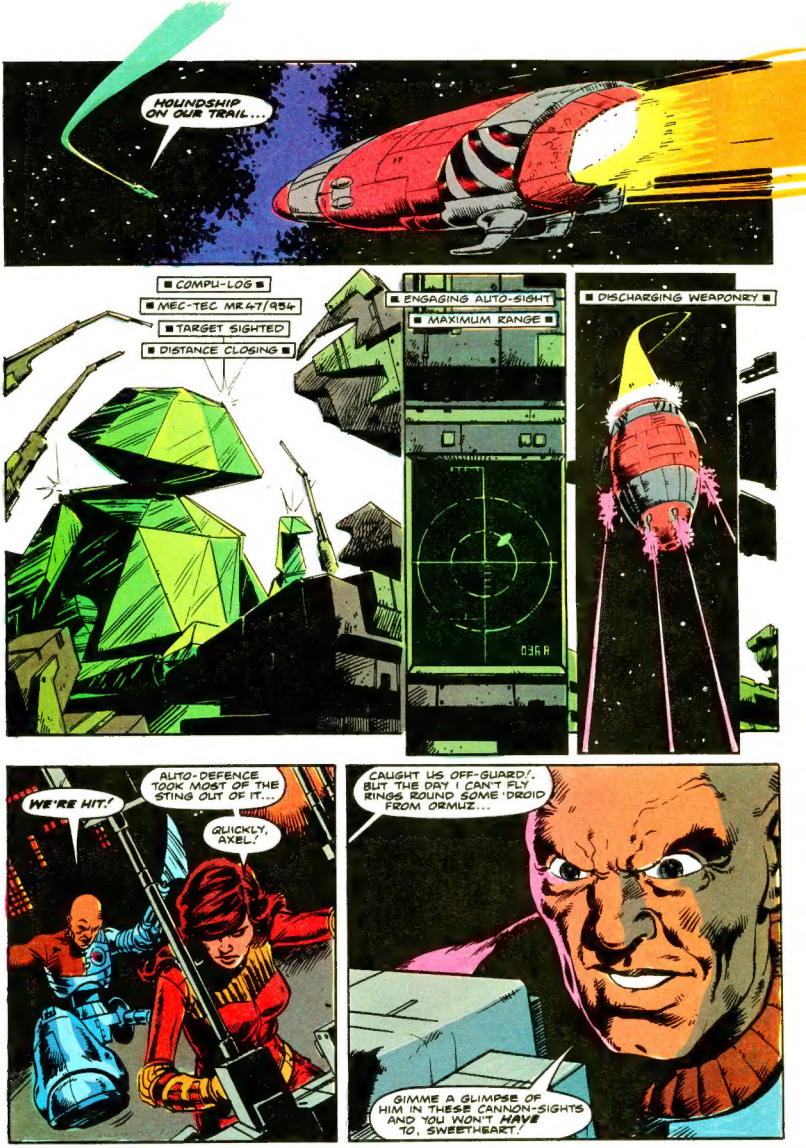
Reward for information leading to arrest: 10,000 credits (standard value). If seen report to your local Security Agency. Do not attempt citizen's arrest. Complaint-swearer and reward-guarantor:
MANETHO BAROMET, CAPTAIN. ORMUZ SECURITY AGENCY.

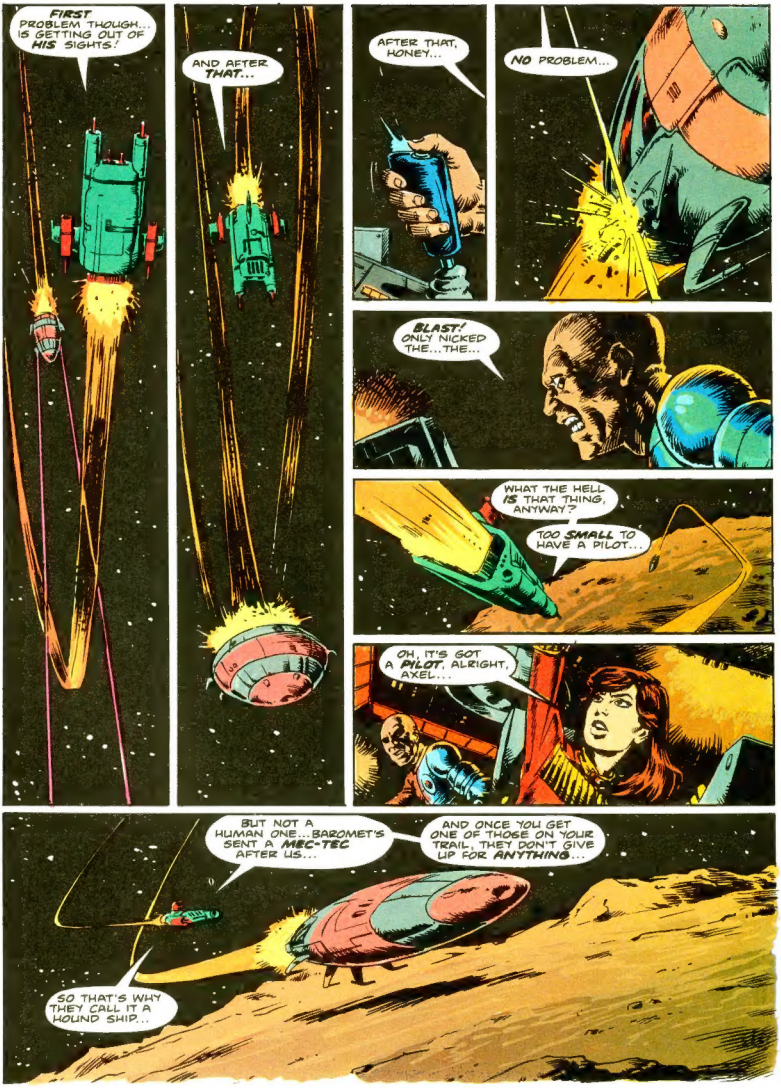
LASER ERASER AND PRESSBUTTON

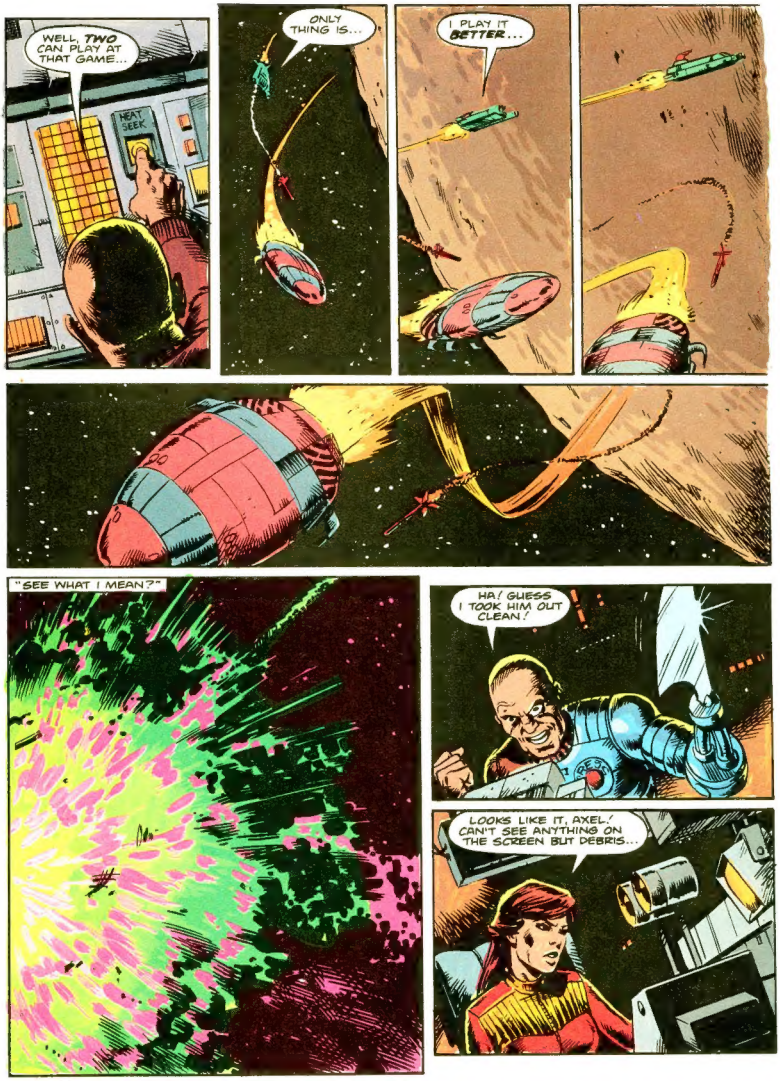
KLEMOND
SO, ZIRK.. IT SEEMS THEY ESCAPED DEATH ON ORMUZ...
VERY WELL. THE GAME CONTINUES A LITTLE LONGER...
GAME? SHE SHOULD BE DEAD BY NOW! YOU OUGHT TO HAVE TARGETTED HER HOUSE WITH BIO-BOMBS IN THE FIRST PLACE, DONTHAX!
MESSY, ZIRK. UNCOUTH.
BUT WHAT I'D EXPECT OF YOU.
NO, MYSTA MYSTRALIS NEEDS MORE FINESSE! WE MUST CONTRIVE SOMETHING MEMORABLE!
WHAT'S THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING IN... PAIN!
IT'S THE GENERAL ALARM, YOU LITTLE SADIST!
LEMANYA! WOMEN TO THE REFUGE-ROOM!
VWEEEP!
VWEEEP!
IT'S A VIP ATTACK!
VIPS?

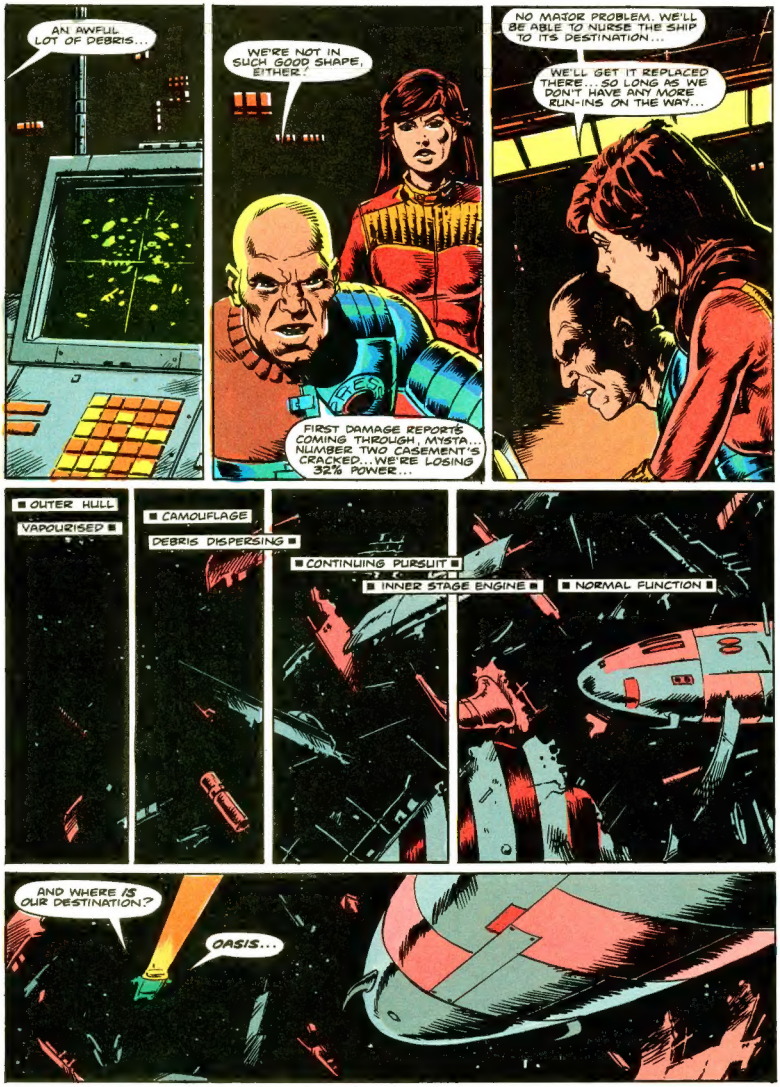
SOARING FLAPWORMS... WITH POISONOUS STINGS! A DYNO-BREEDERS WORST ENEMY!
THEY PARALYSE THEIR VICTIM AND INJECT THEIR EGGS... THEN, WHEN THE VIP LARVAE HATCH OUT..
THEY EAT THE STILL-LIVING BODY OF THE HOST FROM THE INSIDE OUT! THEY'LL KILL ANYTHING!
YOU CAN WATCH THEM FLOP WHEN THEY'RE SHOT, YOU DISGUSTING LITTLE BRUTE!
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SPORT, ZIRK?
ZIRK?

BIIP!
BIIP!
BIIP!
BIIP!
AXEL...


HOUNDSHIP ON OUR TRAIL...
COMPU-LOG
MEC-TEC MR47/954
TARGET SIGHTED
DISTANCE CLOSING
ENGAGING AUTO-SIGHT
MAXIMUM RANGE
DISCHARGING WEAPONRY
WE'RE HIT!
AUTO-DEFENCE TOOK MOST OF THE STING OUT OF IT...
QUICKLY, AXEL!
CAUGHT US OFF-GUARD!. BUT THE DAY I CAN'T FLY RINGS ROUND SOME 'DROID FROM ORMUZ...
GIMME A GLIMPSE OF HIM IN THESE CANNON-SIGHTS AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO, SWEETHEART!


FIRST PROBLEM THOUGH... IS GETTING OUT OF HIS SIGHTS!
AND AFTER THAT...
AFTER THAT, HONEY...
NO PROBLEM...
BLAST! ONLY NICKED THE...THE...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING, ANYWAY?
TOO SMALL TO HAVE A PILOT...
OH, IT'S GOT A PILOT, ALRIGHT, AXEL...
BUT NOT A HUMAN ONE...BAROMET'S SENT A MEC-TEC AFTER US...
AND ONCE YOU GET ONE OF THOSE ON YOUR TRAIL, THEY DON'T GIVE UP FOR ANYTHING...
SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT A HOUND SHIP...


WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME...
HEAT SEEK
ONLY THING IS...
I PLAY IT BETTER...
"SEE WHAT I MEAN?"
HA! GUESS I TOOK HIM OUT CLEAN!
LOOKS LIKE IT, AXEL. CAN'T SEE ANYTHING ON THE SCREEN BUT DEBRIS...


AN AWFUL LOT OF DEBRIS...
WE'RE NOT IN SUCH GOOD SHAPE, EITHER!
FIRST DAMAGE REPORTS COMING THROUGH, MYSTA... NUMBER TWO CASEMENT'S CRACKED...WE'RE LOSING 32% POWER...
NO MAJOR PROBLEM. WE'LL BE ABLE TO NURSE THE SHIP TO ITS DESTINATION...
WE'LL GET IT REPLACED THERE...SO LONG AS WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE RUN-INS ON THE WAY...
OUTER HULL VAPOURISED
CAMOUFLAGE DEBRIS DISPERSING
CONTINUING PURSUIT
INNER STAGE ENGINE
NORMAL FUNCTION
AND WHERE IS OUR DESTINATION?
OASIS...

OASIS...

A WORLD BETWEEN WORLDS, A PORT IN THE STAR-STORMS...

A HEAVEN FOR THE LEISURED, A HAVEN FOR THE LAWLESS...

WELCOME ONE AND ALL TO **665** FLOORS OF FUN!

I'M **HERBATIUS BORDA**, AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT TODAY'S **STAR ATTRACTIONS!**

ON LEVEL **597**, A FIGHT TO THE DEATH BETWEEN **SAMOTIAN REPTILICONS!** RINGSIDE SEATS ARE THREE CREDITS, AND THE BETTING PARLOURS ARE OPEN NOW!

THEO'S THEATRE ON **512** PRESENTS **PRINCE NO CHA** AND HIS AMAZING **WIND-FIRE WHEELS!** TICKETS, SIX CREDITS!

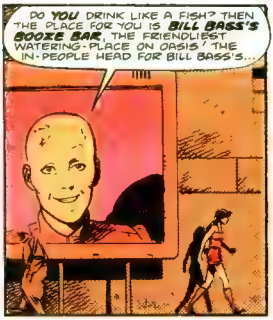
WHILE THIRTY CREDITS BUYS YOU AN EVENING WITH THE **CONTORTIONISTS OF CLAVIUS** ON **347**, WITH FREE JOY-JUICE PROVIDED BY THE MASTER OF OASIS, **SARPEDON BLINT III!**

YOU SURE YOU WANT THAT CANNON, NYSTA?
I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE, AXEL.
AND IT WAS AN AWFUL LOT OF FUN!
ALMOST GOT MYSELF GARROTTED...
+ THANK YOU, MISS + CASEMENT REPLACEMENT TAKES THREE DAYS + FEE WILL BE 740 CREDITS + HAVE A NICE DAY +
HANG ON WHILE I PROGRAMME THE SHIP REPAIRS INTO THIS MECHANI-MECHANIC...
WE'LL GET OURSELVES A REASONABLE HOTEL ROOM SOMEWHERE ON THE 400s
NO NEED TO GET DOWN TO THE LUXURY LEVELS...
WHIDDLY AND BIM'S BALLROOM ANNOUNCES A LOW-GRAV DANCE MARATHON! AND THE PRIZE... A TRIP DOWN TO LEVEL 24!
HEY, I AIN'T SEEN A PLACE LIKE THIS SINCE I SHIPPED OUT OF DEPRAVITY! BOOZE. GIGGLE GAS. WOMEN...
AND MEN.
UH, YEAH... HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT...
REX OEDIPUS'S EAT-YOUR-MOTHER CANNIBAL CAFE
COME ON, WE CAN LET OUR HAIR DOWN FOR A WHILE! AT LEAST, I CAN...
NO MORE BEING HUNTED...NO MORE ENEMIES...

NO MORE VIPS' WE MUST HAVE TAKEN OUT HALF THE SWARM!
THEY SHOULDN'T BE AFTER THE DINO-HERDS AGAIN FOR A WHILE
SO NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THAT SLIMY LITTLE COWARD ZIRK'S GOT TO
SLIMY? IF HE'S GOT DOWN IN THE REFUGE ROOM WITH MY WOMEN..!
YOU KNOW, ZIRK... I ALWAYS USED TO THINK YOU WERE SOME KIND OF BEAST.' I NEVER REALISED YOU—
ZIRK!!
I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM LEMANYA, YOU FACELESS LITTLE PIECE OF...
BUT, DONTHAX HE
OOPS!
THIS IS THE END, ZIRK! YOU WERE USEFUL ONCE, BUT NOW
NOW I'M GOING TO BURST YOU, ZIRK!
ZIRK! COME BACK!
YOU'LL REGRET THIS, DONTHAX! YOU'LL SEE!
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT!

AXEL? YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING HERE FOR TWENTY-SIX HOURS NOW
DON'T YOU THINK IT'LL GO TO YOUR HEAD?
'COURSHE IT WILL NOWHERE ELSHE FOR IT TO GO!
GIMME ANOTHER
THEN I GATHER YOU'RE NOT COMING TO SEE MAX WITH ME?
BIL
ME? OF COURSHE 'M
NOT
HI THERE, SPARKLE-EYES! GOING MY WAY?
NO.
HOT DAMN! WHAT A CUTIE!
ATSH NOTHIN' FELLA. SHOULD SHEE'ER WHEN SHE GETSH MAD...!
HEY, BARKEEP... GI' MY FRIEN' A DRINK!
A GREAT PLACE TO MEET NEW FRIENDS OR OLD FRIENDS!
OR HEAD FOR THE PROPHETS AND ORACLES HYPERMARKET ON LEVEL ++++...

MYSTA! MUST BE TWO YEARS, EIGHT MONTHS, TEN DAYS, TWO HOURS, THREE
OH, WHAT THE HELL, IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG! HOW YA DOING? YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT!
I'M FINE, MAX HOW ABOUT YOU?
MAX THE OMNISCIENT FISH
SEES ALL, KNOWS ALL, TELLS ALL... FOR CASH!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE PUTTING ON A LITTLE WEIGHT
YEAH, WELL YOU KNOW ME LIVE FAST, LIVE WELL
HEY, YOU REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO GO SWIMMING IN JALNORE BAY? OR THAT TIME IN THE SWIMMING POOL AT
OF COURSE I REMEMBER MAX BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO TALK ABOUT THE OLD DAYS
OH, OKAY STILL THEY WERE THE GOOD TIMES
HMM, LET'S SEE NOW, YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ARTERIUS DONTHAX?!
RIGHT AS ALWAYS, MAX LOOKS LIKE HE'S STILL ALIVE... AND DANGEROUS
THIS IS EMBARRASSING I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU'D KILLED HIM ON DENDRELLIS
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO PAY YOU THIS TIME, MYSTA 'YOU KNOW MORE THAN I DO'
ONLY THING I CAN TELL YOU IS THAT WAY BACK DONTHAX AND SARPEDON BLINT WERE CLOSE LIKE FINS AND SCALES..
BUT NO ONE'S ACTUALLY SEEN BLINT IN TWENTY YEARS EVEN HIS SERVANTS ARE BLIND LIVES WAY DOWN ON LEVEL ONE...
AND EVEN MILLIONAIRES DON'T GET BELOW 20... SORRY I CAN'T HELP MORE BUT
IT'S A START, MAX THANKS A LOT
HERE TAKE YOURSELF OFF SOMEPLACE WHERE THE WATER'S WARM AND THE MERMAIDS ARE FRIENDLY
YOU'RE AN ANGEL, MYSTA I KNEW IT EVER SINCE THAT TIME WHEN I ALMOST BEACHED MYSELF CHASING YOU AT
YEAH SURE, MAX THOSE WERE THE GOOD DAYS, WEREN'T THEY?
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF


DO YOU DRINK LIKE A FISH? THEN THE PLACE FOR YOU IS BILL BASS'S BOOZE BAR, THE FRIENDLIEST WATERING-PLACE ON OASIS! THE IN-PEOPLE HEAD FOR BILL BASS'S...

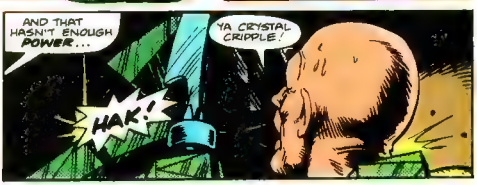
IN-PEOPLE? LOOKS MORE LIKE OUT-PEOPLE...
RUN FOR IT! THEY'RE BOTH CRAZY!
AND I DON'T NEED MAX TO TELL ME WHO ONE OF THE CRAZIES IS

LEGGO MY ARM AN' I'LL HACK YA UP LIKE DICED CARROTS, YA PLASTIC SPASTIC!
YER MOTHER WAS AN AUBERGINE!
ABUSE INEFFECTIVE
SUBDUING SUBJECT

LISTEN TO THAT, VIVA! FOR MALE A GUY HE SURE PUTS UP A GREAT FIGHT!
TALK'S CHEAP! I'M STILL BETTING ON THE MECH-TEC!

AND SO WOULD I...UNLESS...

ONLY BROUGHT THIS POCKET PULVERISER WITH ME.


AND THAT HASN'T ENOUGH POWER...
HAK!
YA CRYSTAL CRIPPLE!

SWEATING MORT?
BETTER GET READY TO PAY THE BILL!
WRIST JOINT. IT'S THE ONLY WEAK SPOT! IF I CAN JUST HIT IT
RIGHT!
TASTE TITANIUM, TURKEY!
KRASH!
BET'S YOURS, MORT
SURE IS, VIVA. PITY, BUT...
THAT'S LIFE!
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! THIS TIME I KNOW THE BOZO'S FINISHED!
MAYBE AXEL.
MAYBE
COMMENCING CRYSTALLINE REGROWTH PROCESS
TIME FOR COMPLETE RESTRUCTURING
THREE DAYS

THE BOOK YOU DEMANDED WE PUBLISH

ON SALE NOW!

© 1984 B.C. Boyer

NICEY MY SLOTTOES
THIS IS THE BIG KAHOOGA WE'VE MADE IT BEYOND THE IR PERIMETER SCREENS WITHOUT THEM SMACKING OPTICS ONUS
WARPSMITHS! PHUU!
NOTHING BUT A SQUEEMBRY OF SLICKY CHITTIES IF IT'S ME YOURE ASKING
YAP! IS BOUNCY-BREASTY RUNNING A DAMP SCARF OF THE TALL AND TERRIBLES? IS GIMMY-GIRL MIAKBLING OVER THE WICKY-STICKY WARPSMITHS?
A TRUE SHUT IT NOW KRANKY-BOY SHUT IT NOW
A LITTLE MORE RECK IF YOU PLEASE, KRANKY-BOY WE RE NOT THROUGH THE SPLINTER-SNARLS YET
A TRUE
US BENDERS AND DISTENDERS HAVE GOT TO ALIGN OUR SNIFFY-TOY BEFORE WE TICKLE THE MUNNY NAMMY AND BLOW OUR LOJIE
WE'RE NOT THROUGH THE SPLINTER SNARLS YET
THEY'RE PAST THE HESITANCE STIMULATORS AZA CHORN THEY MUST BE WEARING BAFFLES, OTHERWISE THEY D HAVE TURNED BACK BY NOW
STRANGE FROM THEIR SEM OT C PROFILES THE R GARB AND JARGON THEY APPEAR TO BE NORMAL YOUNG GULFWORLDERS OUT TO PROVE THE IR BRAVADO
BUT THE AVERAGE DELINQUENT DOES NOT WEAR BAFFLES TENGA NOT UNLESS HE HAS HAD THEM SUPPLIED BY SOMEONE LESS YOUNG AND FAR LESS INNOCENT

STORY, ALAN MOORE

ART, LETTERING, COLORS, GARRY LEACH

COLD WAR, COLD WARRIOR..

YOU THINK THAT THE QYS ARE BEHIND THIS? THAT THIS IS A SABOTAGE MISSION?
IT IS POSSIBLE TENGA DRIL IT IS ALWAYS POSSIBLE
PHON MOODA LLANS IVO HRRIN LULI UXU CHIL
YOU CALLED US AZA CHORN?
YES. FOUR INTRUDERS ARE ON HOD. THE RSEEMING IS THAT OF YOUNG THRILL-HUNTERS. THEIR TECHNOLOGY IS HOWEVER, MORE SINISTER
THEY ARE HEADING TOWARDS OUR CORE-COMPLEX. ONE OF THEM IS CARRYING SOMETHING
A BOMB. IT IS THE QYS AND THEY ARE SEEKING TO DESTROY OUR WARP-SOURCE. DELINQUENTS? HAH! WITH THEIR BODY WARDROBES THE QYS CAN LOOK LIKE ANYTHING
THAT IS POSSIBLE LLANS IVO. BUT HOD IS SWORN TO PROTECT THE GULF WORLDS NOT TO SLAUGHTER THEIR CHILDREN WITHOUT TRIAL
AN INCAUTIOUS ATTACK WOULD BE DIPLOMATIC SUICIDE

THAT IS WELL. OUR VISITORS WILL BE UNPREPARED
SUGGEST WE INVESTIGATE MY OWN DERMA CIRCUITRY IS AT PRESENT MALFUNCTIONING. THUS, SHALL FOLLOW ON SKIMMER
THEY ASSUME THAT BECAUSE THEY HAVE LANDED MANY HELIONGS FROM THE NEAREST HOME CLUSTER THEY ARE SAFE
IT IS TOUCHING THE FAITH THEY HAVE IN THAT CONCEPT OF THEIRS THAT WORD FOR WHICH WE HAVE NO SURROGATE DISTANCE
DISTANCE A BEAUTIFUL WORD AZA
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
YAAAAGH!!
PALE AND BALEFUL IS OUT OF NOPLACE. RANULFED. WE'VE BEEN RANULFED
THINK I'M GOING TO VAC MY TACKS

HO-HI ALWAYS THE SAME REACTION YOU ARE NEW AMONGST US, UXU CHIL. YOU MAY DELIVER THE CUSTOMARY CAUTION
I-I AM HONOURED, PHON MODDA
WE ARE THE WARPSMITHS OF MOD
WE ARE THE POWER THAT CANNOT BE IMAGINED FRIENDS OF THE GULF. WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF, WE WILL DESTROY YOU WITHOUT QUALM.
WHAT TO DO, GIMMY? WHAT TO DO??
SHUT IT KRANKY-BOY THEY'RE TRYING TO BIFF US UNDER. THEY WON'T REALLY PULL ANY RED BUSINESS ON US.
OUR BADDIE DADDY SAID WE HADTO ALIGN THE WOOZY-BOX BEFORE HE LET GO OF THE LOUIE IF WE MUFFLE THE SHUFFLE NOW WE'LL BE POOR PORK
A TRUE I SAY WE JIFF THEIR BIFF AND I SAY WE DO IT
NOW
HEY HAVE GNORED THE CAUT ON HRRIN LOLI DISPLACE THEM TO WITHIN THE RESTRAINT CHAMBERS BACK AT THE HOME CLUSTER
SACRED DAO IT ISN'T WORKING THEY MUST BE WEARING INTERFERERS
QYS! I KNEW IT! INTERFERERS ARE DEVICES OF THE RHORDRU MAKERS
WHO BUT THE QYS COULD AFFORD THEM? WE MUST
OH DAO
STOP THEM
MMMPH!
IMMEDIATELY
LLANS IVO!
HHUK!
HUSHABYE AND KRANK HAVE BEEN MOUSED! THE GHOSTS WEREN'T BOASTING!
DON'T TREMBLE OUT ON ME NOW, JOXIE HIT THOSE TALL AND TERRIBLES WITH YOUR STATUE-CUBE! I'M RUNNING FOR THE AUN!

STASIS FIELD! HE'S FROZEN THE OTHERS IN A TIME GLITCH WHILE SHE MAKES FOR THE CORE COMPLEX. I'M THE ONLY ONE OUT OF RANGE
SSSSSSSSKKKKKKKKKKEEEEEE
I'M NOT A FULL WARPSMITH YET. I CAN'T MAKE THIS KIND OF DECISION. IF SHE IS A QYS WEARING FALSE FLESH IF THAT IS A BOMB.
BUT WHAT IF SHE IS ONLY A GULF CHILD ON A DARE? CAN I RISK LETTING HER DESTROY OUR DEFENCES? CAN I RISK THE GOODWILL OF THE GULF WORLDS?
WHAT DO I DO?
"FRIENDS OF THE GULF WE WILL HONOUR AND SERVE YOU. ENEMIES OF THE GULF WE WILL
"... DESTROY YOU ..."
THE SUPPORT PILLARS! THEY'RE WARPING OUT! THEY RE
GIMMEEEEEEE...
"... WITHOUT QUALM."
Y- YOU SMEARED HER! SHE WAS MY GIMMY-JUKIE AND YOU SMEARED HER-
SHE WASN'T GOING TO SPLATTER YOUR BATTERY IT WAS A HA-HA! SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB!
IT WAS JUST A HA-HA
SHE HADN'T GOT A BOMB
OH GIMMY
GIMMEEEEEEEEE

THIS SKIMMER IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR MY DERMA-CIRCUITRY. IT APPEARS I HAVE MISSED AN OCCURRENCE OF SOME IMPORT.
WHAT HAS HAPPENED HERE AZA CHORN?
A TRAGEDY TENGA DRIL
WE BELIEVED THEM TO BE QYS SABOTEURS WEARING THE FLESH OF CHILDREN
UXU CH L KILLED ONE OF THEM
IT TRANSPIRES THAT WE WERE MISTAKEN THEY WERE BUT CHILDREN AFTER ALL.
HAVE THE BLACK WARPSMITHS LEARNED OF THIS INCIDENT YET?
NATURALLY AFTER ALL, IT HAPPENED INSTANTS AGO.
I IMAGINE THAT THEY WILL SHORTLY BE SUMMONING US INTO THEIR

PRESENCE
PHONMODDA, I AM AFRAID THE BLACK WARPSMITHS I HAVE NEVER ENCOUNTERED THEM BEFORE
TRY NOT TO LOOK AT THEM DIRECTLY UXU CHIL DOING SO CONFUSES THE EYE AND PETRIFIES THE MIND
LLANS IVO SAID THEY WERE VERY TALL
REALLY? HOW CURIOUS
LLANS IVO IS NOT KNOWN FOR HER GENTLENESS AND TACT SHE MUST LIKE YOU
GREETINGS AZA CHORN
LET US BE DIRECT
THIS IS KOMA CHATT KRANK, NATIVE OF CHENG'S WORLD HIS MOTHER IS KOMA PLATT RASP, CHENG'S WORLD'S SENIOR DIPLOMAT
YOUR CLUSTER-WIFE LLANS IVO, BELIEVING HIM TO BE A SABOTEUR, CRUSHED HIS WINDPIPE HE WILL HOWEVER SURVIVE THE ENCOUNTER.
HOPEFULLY, SO WILL SUSUSU TOOMISUSUSU OF PLANET CARBEAU, CASUAL SEXUAL LIASON OF KOMA CHATT KRANK. LLANS IVO FRACTURED HER PELVIS AND RUPTURED SEVERAL INTERNAL ORGANS. SHE IS CRITICAL
THIS IS JOCSESTRA DAL, SON OF THE HIGH DAL OF CARBEAU HE IS UNHARMED. I CONGRATULATE LLANS IVO BUT SUFFERS FROM PROFOUND SHOCK
AND FINALLY, THIS IS GIMSESTRA DAL, DAUGHTER OF THE HIGH DAL OF CARBEAU, SISTER AND BONDED SEXUAL LIASON OF JOCSESTRA DAL
YOUR CLUSTER-WIFE UXU CHIL, AN APPRENTICE WARPSMITH, CRUSHED HER BENEATH A BLOCK OF MASONRY SHE IS DEAD
WHAT ARE YOUR FEELINGS ON THIS MATTER AZA CHORN?
I AM AT FAULT. I AM IMPALED UPON MY OWN WORTHLESSNESS

MY LIFE IS YOURS TO TAKE

OBVIOUSLY.

AZA CHORN, YOU ASSUMED THAT THE INNOCENT GULF CHILDREN SO CASUALLY MAIMED AND SLAUGHTERED BY YOUR CLUSTER-WIVES WERE PART OF A QYS SABOTAGE MISSION...

... AND, OF COURSE, YOU WERE CORRECT. THE QYS HAVE ENGINEERED THIS AFFAIR TO SABOTAGE OUR CREDIBILITY WITH THE GULF WORLDS

IT IS PITIFULLY OBVIOUS.

THEY HIRED THE CHILDREN, LAUNCHING THEM UPON THIS SADLY FATAL PRANK, ARMING THEM WITH THE TECHNOLOGY AND THE INFORMATION WITH WHICH TO BREACH OUR DEFENCES.

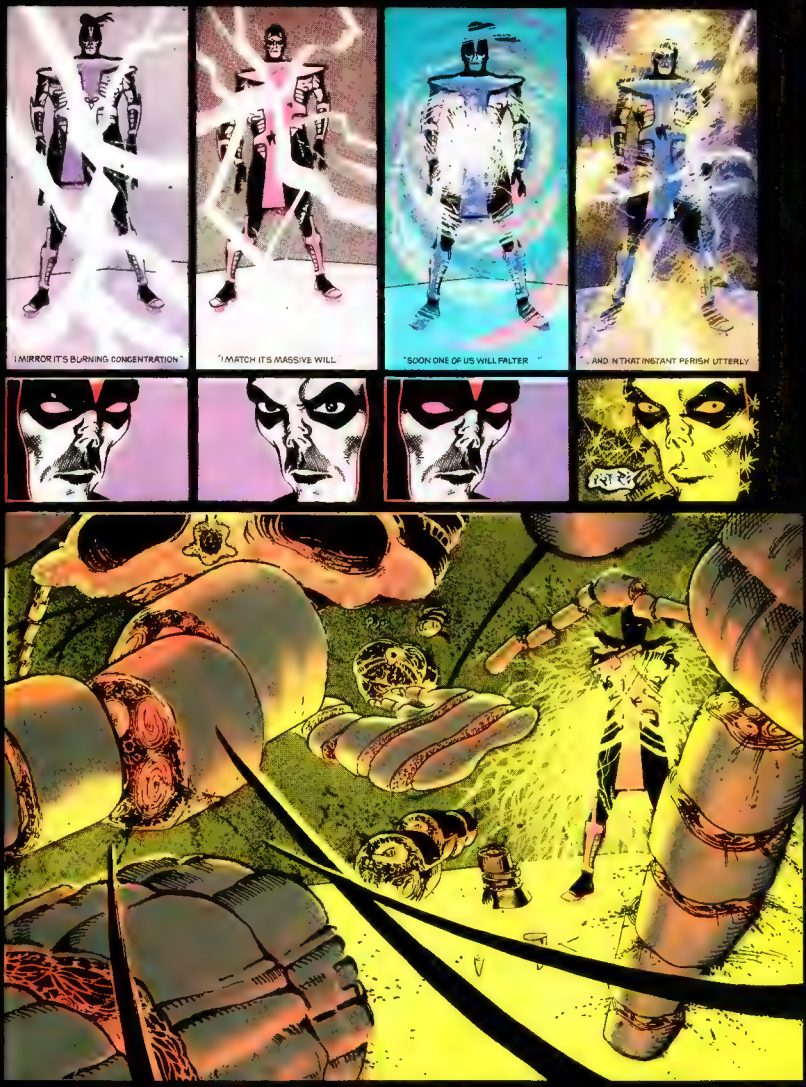
WHERE DID THEY RECEIVE THIS KNOWLEDGE? REMEMBER, A QYS HAS A BODY WARDROBE. IT CAN WEAR ANY SHAPE. THERE ARE FEW THINGS A QYS CANNOT DO.

IT CANNOT HOWEVER PROJECT ITS CURIOUS METABOLISM THROUGH WARP SPACE USING CONVENTIONAL DERMA-CIRCUITRY

THINK, AZA CHORN!

TENGA DRIL

"THE QYS IS TENGA DRIL, WHO CLAIMED HIS DERMA CIRCUITRY WAS NO LONGER FUNCTIONING."
"THE QYS IS A HOSTILE ALIEN WHO HAS KILLED OUR CLUSTER-HUSBAND, TENGA DRIL, AND NOW DRAPES IT'S PSYCHE IN A BODY IDENTICAL TO HIS IN EVERY DETAIL."
"THE QYS HAS INTURED OUR BOND WITH THE GULF WORLDS, HAS LED INNOCENTS TO THEIR DESTRUCTION, HAS MURDERED OUR BROTHER, OUR LOVER, OUR COMRADE."
THE QYS IS MY PRIMAL ENEMY. I STARE INTO IT'S STOLEN EYES.


"I MIRROR IT'S BURNING CONCENTRATION"
"I MATCH ITS MASSIVE WILL
"SOON ONE OF US WILL FALTER
"... AND IN THAT INSTANT PERISH UTTERLY

VERY GOOD, AZA CHORN YOU MAY TAKE YOUR CLUSTER AND DEPART. TENGA DRIL WILL BE REPLACED

PLEASE LEAVE THE MESS FOR OUR CONTEMPLATION

DID HE KNOW?

THE QYS? YES AT THE END HE KNEW OF OUR MANIPULATION. HE GLIMPSED THE SNARE AS IT CLOSED

POOR QYS

POOR MESS. IT WAS AN ELEGANT SNARE, BROTHER. IT QUITE ECLIPSES MY OWN LAST ATTEMPT

LIKEWISE MY OWN TO COMBINE THE REMOVAL OF A SPY WITH THE ENTRANCE ORDEAL OF A FLEDGLING WARPSMITH IS A SUPREME ACT OF META-STYLING.

IN TRIBUTE I SHALL REMAIN SILENT FOR THE NEXT CENTURY

IT WAS A SHAME THAT SHE FAILED POOR UXU CHIL

POOR UXU CHIL

POOR GULF-CHILDREN FOR THAT MATTER

YES POOR GULF CHILDREN

END

A TRUE STORY?
ANOTHER TYPICAL DAY AT THE OFFICE...
LISTEN, I WANT SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO THE OTHER STORIES IN THE MAG...
HUH? BUT..
THAT'D MEAN... SOMETHING OUTSIDE TIME ITSELF... OR A HALLUCINATION...
SOMETHING NOT SET IN THE PAST, PRESENT OR FUTURE..
EDITOR
OR A TIME-LOOP!
SAY... IS THERE SOMETHING IN THIS CUP OF TEA?
SURE ... IT'S ME! GRONGAD, TYRANT OF THE NINTH DIMENSION!
NO, NO! NOT GRONGAD!
YAAARGH!
GRONGAD?
SECONDS LATER, IN THE NINTH DIMENSION...
HOW'D YOU LIKE MY SPACE-TIME DIMENSIONAL PORTAL? NEAT, HUH?
UH, SURE >CHOKE< BUT...
WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?
IT'S MY SLAVES! THEY'RE REVOLTING... DANGEROUS, TOO! I NEED HELP..!
AND A LONG-RANGE BRAIN-SCAN OF ALL THE PEOPLE ON EARTH...
ART BY DAVE GIBBONS

© Quality Communications, 1982

SHOWS THERE ARE NONE SO BRILLIANT OR INVENTIVE AS COMIC-STRIP WRITERS!
SO THINK OF SOMETHING YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME!
WELL, HOLD ON... WE'VE STILL GOT TO AGREE A RATE FOR THE JOB! THERE'S THE UNION-APPROVED FEE...
YAARGH! I'M THINKING, I'M THINKING, AWREADY!
ZAP!
THEN HURRY! THEY'RE BREAKING IN
TOO LATE..!
BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!
EAT LEADEN DEATH, GRONGAD!
NO, NO! KAMERAD!
YAAARGH!
AND AFTERWARDS...
LUCKY FOR US, HE DIDN'T THINK OF SENDING FOR A COMIC-STRIP WRITER SOONER
STILL, DON'T WORRY, EARTHMAN... WE'LL SEND YOU BACK TO YOUR OWN DIMENSION...
AND BACK TO EXACTLY THE SAME TIME AND PLACE AS HE SNATCHED YOU FROM...
NO, WAIT! IF YOU PUT ME BACK AT THE SAME MOMENT, I'LL BE FOREVER ON...
...A TIME-LOOP!
SAY... IS THERE SOMETHING IN THIS CUP OF TEA?

WARRIORS ALL!

Since the contents of AXEL PRESSBUTTON are drawn from the pages of Britain's black-and-white comic, WARRIOR, we thought it would be a good idea to acquaint American readers with some of the faces behind the credits. Not all of the WARRIOR contributors listed alphabetically below have work in this issue, but keep watching - you never can tell!

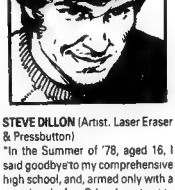
JOHN BOLTON (Artist: Prester John, Shandor)
John left college in 1974 with surprisingly, a diploma in Graphics and membership of the S.I.A.D. But, since his work can be described as 'graphic', whichever definition you choose, there is a connection between his training and the career that followed.

His illustrations have been used in magazines as varied as **Game, Company** and **Sports Magazines**. They have appeared in childrens annuals and educational books, as well as on dust jackets, and, in 1980, Octopus Childrens Books commissioned sixteen vivid fantasy paintings to illustrate their book on how to learn to play chess.

In England his strip work has appeared in black and white in **House of Hammer/Halls of Horror** and Marvel (U.K.) titles, and in colour for **Look-in**. America has seen his work in **Bizarre Adventures**, a full-length Kull story in black and white, **Epic** published a six page colour story "The Llehs" and he has done a cover for **Heavy Metal**. In both 1977 and 1978 John was voted the Eagle Award for Favourite British Artist. More material, both in black and white and colour, is due soon in future issues of **Epic**.

During the last couple of years John has found his talents in demand from the film industry. Pre-promotional work on **Thongor** was quickly followed by production paintings for **Flash Gordon**. His paintings and illustrations were used on-screen in **The Monster Club**, and he also drew the bulk of the promotional strip adaptation of that movie. His recent film work includes a painting for John Landis' **Werewolf in London** and story boards for Harley Cockliss' **Battletruck**, now filming on location in New Zealand.

This full and varied schedule still allows him time to paint for his own satisfaction, experimenting with new techniques and different mediums.



STEVE DILLON (Artist. Laser Eraser & Pressbutton)
"In the Summer of '78, aged 16, I said goodbye to my comprehensive high school, and, armed only with a pencil and a few O-levels, set out to find fame and fortune . starting at the art college across the road.

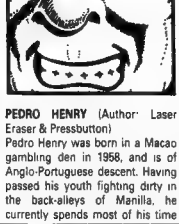
"My further education came to an end three months later when I began regular work for Marvel (UK). For that break I owe thanks to Dez Skinn and Richard Burton but I am especially grateful to Paul Neary who gave me a tremendous amount of valuable advice throughout my early days in professional comics. His suggestion that I stop using a palate-knife and can of spray-paint proved to be a major turning point in my career."

DAVE GIBBONS (Artist A True Story)
Born London, 1949. Spent much of late fifties copying pictures from **Superman, Mad** and **Eagle**. Got first bottle of indian ink and 'rapidograph' pen in early 1961. Created and drew many soon-to-be-forgotten characters in 'Silvine' artists drawing pads and maths rough-books throughout the decade.

Burst upon the world in Dez Skinn's **Fantasy Advertiser** in the early '70s, then professionally in "The Dead Are Awake And Walking", a particularly unpleasant Chix'n'Stiffs pocket library. Went underground himself (heh, heh) in **Cozmic, Zip, Rock'N'Roll Madness** and various other hippy rags.

Rose without trace through the kind patronage of D.C. Thomson, finally arriving, via Nigerian Super-Jinks, in IPC's **2000AD**. Recreated Dan Dare in his own image and became the world's flabbiest super-hero in **Tornado**.

Moved to Marvel in 1979 to draw **Doctor Who** for Dez and bought second bottle of indian ink. Currently working for both **Doctor Who** and **2000AD**, and trying to perfect his juggling act, he has recently managed to write a ponderous autobiography without once mentioning the dread word 'comics'.



PEDRO HENRY (Author: Laser Eraser & Pressbutton)
Pedro Henry was born in a Macao gambling den in 1958, and is of Anglo-Portuguese descent. Having passed his youth fighting dirty in the back-alleys of Manilla, he currently spends most of his time cruising the South China Sea in a motorised junk. Accompanied as he is by his lovely Chinese wife Mei-Bi and an all-girl crew, he rarely finds reason to return to his council house in Wapping.

Pedro confesses to an inordinate fondness for Cantonese snake wine, and attributes all his major successes (literary and otherwise) to its potent medical properties. He is the author of **Fang-men of Morocco** (with Clabezius Toglu), **The Wicked Stepmother's Optimism Den, Greasy Pedro's Lump**, and **108 Way to Paralyse Reptiles** (all four of which were published in Taiwan, and are now unfortunately out of print). He also wrote **The Secret Key of the Universe** in three volumes, but the manuscript was regrettably burned by a maniac in 1979.

The man whose over-ripe brain spawned Pressbutton, his previous comic-strip work includes the infamous **Three-Eyes McGurk and his Death-Planet Commandos** (with Curt Vile). The portrait of Pedro was drawn by an 89-year old Budhhist nun, in Seoul, South Korea.

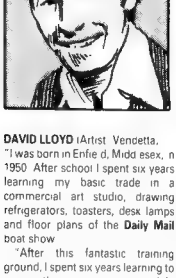
GARRY LEACH (Artist: Marvelman)
... So Big Alan Moore and Not-So-Big Dez Skinn said, "Look, if you don't write a biography quick, we'll write one for you!"

Intimidation isn't always as subtle as a 25 stone meatmauler who cracks walnuts with his eyelids or a gentle jab in the kidneys with a pickaxe handle. No, sometimes it can be a writer and an editor simply smiling! So, for what it's worth ...

Born, yes, 19/9/54. Indifferent

education supplemented with massive doses of DC and Marvel science fiction. Studied Graphic Design at St. Martins School of Art where I was told comics **weren't** art! Left with a BA and empty pockets. Sold my first printed strip to **2000AD** in December 1977. Worked spasmodically on Dan Dare, VC's, Judge Dredd and sundry Future Shocks. Filled in the remaining years with a few posters, article illustrations, production work, some animation, a little writing and a lot of loafing. The rest is in this magazine.

No, I'm not a dwarf, and can I go now?

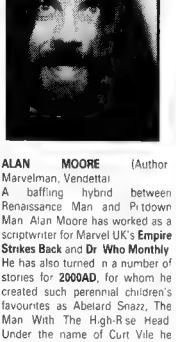


DAVID LLOYD (Artist: Vendetta).
"I was born in Enfield, Middlesex, in 1950. After school I spent six years learning my basic trade in a commercial art studio, drawing refrigerators, toasters, desk lamps and floor plans of the **Daily Mail** boat show.

"After this fantastic training ground, I spent six years learning to cope with creeping paranoia while struggling to survive as a freelance artist. Luckily, for the last four years, I haven't had to struggle one little bit. Since early 1977 I've worked exclusively on producing strip cartoons and enjoyed every minute of it ... Well, maybe not **every** minute, but enough of them to make it all worthwhile.

"As I've been a strip cartoonist for such a short time, a complete list of my contributions to the field will be of far greater value to you, hopefully, than any more yawn-inducing biographical details. So, in chronological order:

Kalgar for **White Dwarf** magazine, **Logan's Run** annual, Quatermass II for **Halls of Horror**, **Dick Barton** annual, Kojak and The Kicktail Kid for **TV Comic**, Night Raven and Hulk for **Hulk Weekly**, **Doctor Who Weekly** back-up strips, **Hulk** annual, **Fantastic Four** and **Spider-Man** annuals — illustrations only, **Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew** annual, four pages of the strip adaptation of the film **The Monster Club**, **Doctor Who Monthly** back-up strips, **Hulk** and **Spider-Man** annuals — illustrations only, **Time Bandits**, and then there's this magazine called **Warrior**.



ALAN MOORE (Author: Marvelman, Vendetta).
A baffling hybrid between Renaissance Man and Pit-down Man, Alan Moore has worked as a scriptwriter for Marvel UK's **Empire Strikes Back** and **Dr Who Monthly**. He has also turned in a number of stories for **2000AD**, for whom he created such perennial children's favourites as Abelard Snazz, The Man With The High-Rise Head. Under the name of Curt Vile he works for **Sounds** as a music journalist, illustrator and cartoonist, drawing and writing "Roscoe Moscow" and "The Stars My Degradation". As Jill de Ray he does "Maxwell the Magic Cat", a weekly funny animal strip for his local **Northants Post**, while as Translucia Baboon he performs with new-wave cult heroes The Sinister Ducks. Great fun to mix with socially until the tranquilisers wear off. Mr. Moore believes himself to be possessed by the demon Pazuzu.

STEVE MOORE (Author: Prester John, Shandor).
Steve Moore is 32, lives in London, and has spent most of his working life in the comic-strip industry. Joining IPC in 1967, he held editorial work on **Pow!**, **Fantastic**, **Smash**, **Valiant**, **Whizzer and Chips** and others. Co-owner for a short time of a bookshop in Notting Hill selling science fiction and comics, he has since 1972 been a full-time freelance writer.

His scripts have appeared in **House of Hammer** for Dez Skinn, **Tornado** and **2000AD** Dan Dare, Rick Random, etc) for IPC, **Hulk Comic** (Nick Fury) and **Dr Who** (Dr Who, and the Absolom Daak Star Tigers series) for British Marvel, numerous hardcover annuals, and elsewhere.

One of the founder-members of British comic fandom, he helped organise the first British Comic Convention at Birmingham 1968, and published the short-lived magazine **Orpheus** in the early seventies. At present, he is an associated editor of **Fortean Times**, the journal of strange phenomena, and has produced a booklet of articles on the Chinese yeti **Wild Man**.

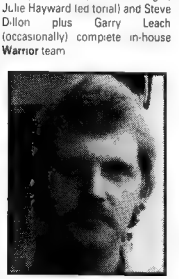
STEVE PARKHOUSE (Author: Art student, The Spiral Path).
"Born London 1948. Uneventful childhood enlivened by love affair with weekly comics, an affair that continues to this day. Not for the comics of now, but the comics of then. Been drawing since age of five, usually copied from artists like Dudley Watkins, Paddy Brennan, Ken Reid et al. Natural progression led to art school and formal training in graphic design. Entered the adult world relatively unscathed and began long love-hate relationship with the comics industry only broken by the necessity to earn a living in a series of jobs including tent salesman, kitchen porter, furniture breaker (yep), short-order cook (hasn't everybody?), publisher's clerk, civil servant, waiter, antique salesman, graphic designer, illustrator, writer, and finally sub-editor on a weekly comic.

"There I learnt that billy-goats eat tin cans and ostriches swallow nuts and bolts and good reality does triumph over evil. Armed with such vital knowledge I go forth as a 'freelancer', writing and illustrating for whoever asks first. Now live in Carlisle in a crumbling edifice overlooking misty mountains, with two female persons and a large white cat."

QUALITY COMMUNICATIONS (Publisher).
Created as Starburst Magazines Limited in 1977. Published three issues of **Starburst** and acquired rights to **House of Hammer/Hall of Horror** magazine. Sold **Starburst** magazine to Marvel 1978, changed company name to Studio System to become publishing, design and art consultants.

Since moving to new offices in Soho, has done publishing and design work for British Airways, BBC Books, Liberty's of Regent Street, ITC and Columbia Films, etc. Design consultants for Screen International, LSP Filmbooks. Created and produced Speed-master comicbook for Scalextric. Publishers of **Browns** fashion magazine, currently involved with Martin Asbury in storyboarding **Greystoke**, published strip adaptation of ITC's **The Monster Club**. Directors Tony Crawley, Graham Marsh (design), June Marsh (fashion), Dez Skinn (Editorial).

Quality Communications handles comics-related projects. Janet Welby and Jerry Paris (design), Julie Hayward (editorial) and Steve Dillon plus Garry Leach (occasionally) complete in-house **Warrior** team.



DEZ SKINN (Editor).
Failed trainee research chemist, born 4.2.51. Five years on IPC comics, 3 years editing British **Mad**, started **House of Hammer**, **Starburst** and **Doctor Who Weekly**. Lasted 15 months as editorial director of British Marvel. Otherwise excellent C.V.

Single. Very few bad habits. Wishes to meet parties who believe well-produced comics can sell. Idealists only need apply.

Reply Box Number 001, c/o this magazine.

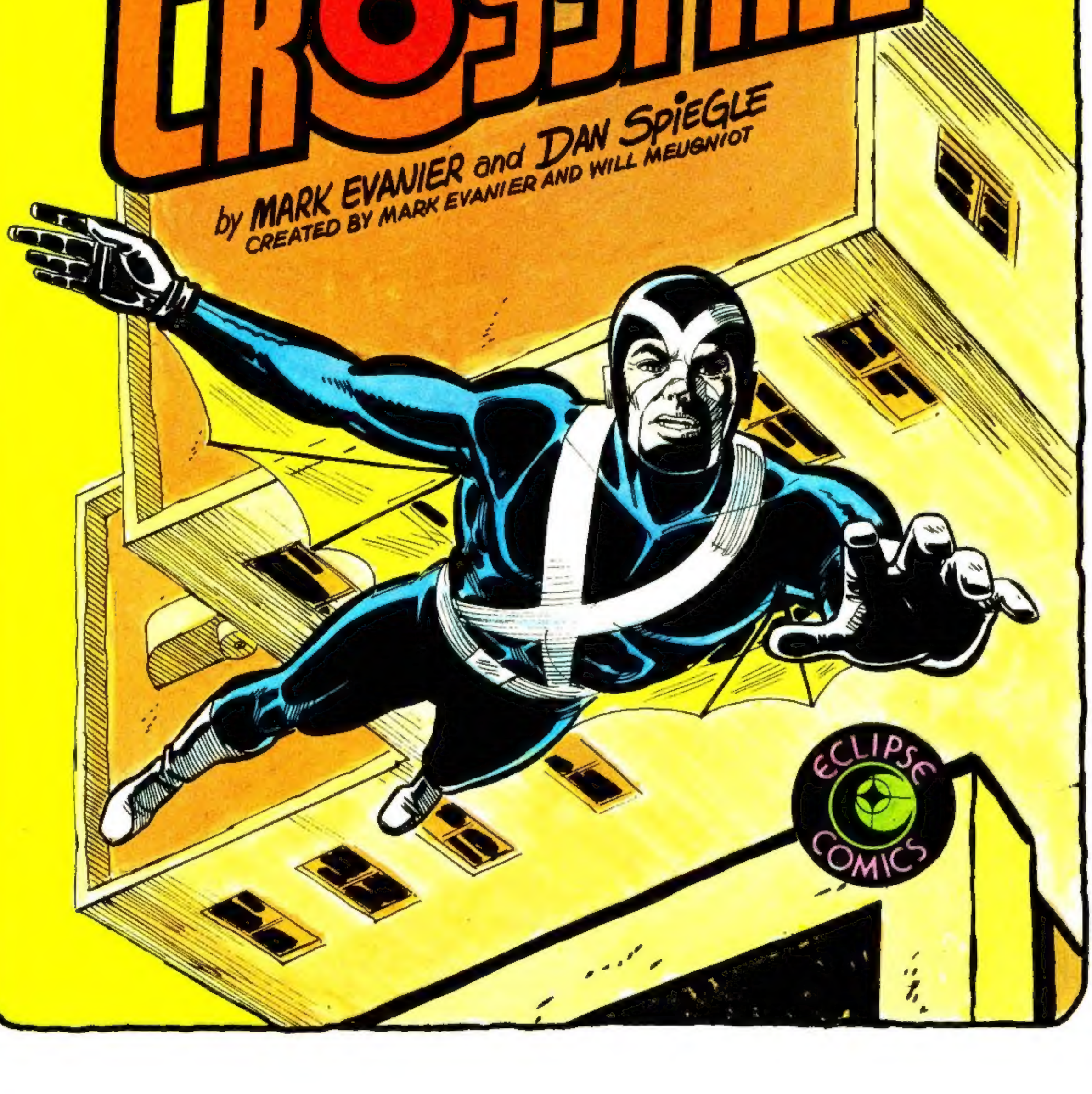
YOU MET HIM FIRST IN THE PAGES OF

DNAGENTS™

NOW, HE'S OUT ON HIS OWN... BATTLING THE MOST INCREDIBLE FOES IN THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE WORLD EVER SEEN IN A COMIC BOOK: THE REALITY OF HOLLYWOOD (WHAT LITTLE THERE IS). YOU'VE NEVER READ ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT; THERE'S NEVER BEEN A HERO QUITE LIKE...

CROSSFIRE™

by MARK EVANIER and DAN SPIEGLE
CREATED BY MARK EVANIER AND WILL MEUGNIOT



ECLIPSE COMICS

Copyright 1984 Evanier, Meugniot & Spiegle

SO DON'T BELIEVE ME!!
I DON'T CARE. THEY EXIST!! (THEY DO!) AND THEY WAIT (OH YES..)
THEY WAIT,
IN THE DARK. TO SUCK THE MARROW FROM YOUR BONES. TO SCOOP THE SOFT TASTY PARTS FROM YOUR SKULL!
(FOR DESSERT!)
AND THEY'RE COMING, BROTHER!
THEY'RE COMING...
FOR YOU!!
BUY IT...
OR ELSE!!
AND ONLY ONE MAN CAN STOP THEM...
©MICHAEL T. Gilbert ©1984
DOC STEARN...
MR. MONSTER
by Michael T. Gilbert & William F. Loebs
ECLIPSE COMICS
ECLIPSE COMICS

Back Issues

Aztec Ace

__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 $2.00
__ 3 $2.00 __ 4 $1.75
__ 5 $1.75 __ 6 $1.75

Cap'n Quick

__ 1 $1.75

Crossfire

__ 1 $2.00 __ 2 $1.75
__ 3 $1.50 __ 4 $1.50

©Moench/Day

Destroyer Duck

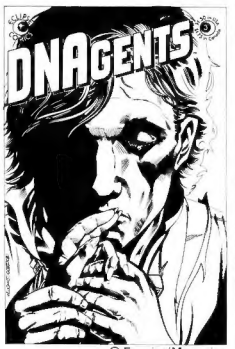
__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 *Sold out*
__ 3 $2.00 __ 4 $1.75
__ 5 *Sold out* __ 6 *Sold out*
__ 7 *$2.00*

DNAgents

__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 *Sold out*
__ 3 $2.25 __ 4 $2.00
__ 5 $2.00 __ 6 $2.00
__ 7 $2.00 __ 8 $2.00
__ 9 *Sold out* __ 10 *Sold out*
__ 11 $1.75 __ 12 *Sold out*
__ 13 $1.50 __ 14 $1.50
__ 15 $1.50

Eclipse Monthly

__ 1 $2.50 __ 2 $2.25
__ 3 $2.25 __ 4 *Sold out*
__ 5 $1.75 __ 6 $1.50
__ 7 $1.50 __ 8 $1.50
__ 9 $1.75 __ 10 $1.75



©Evanier/Meugniot

John Law, Detective

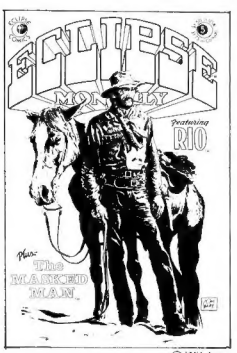
__ 1 $2.00

Mike Mist

__ 1 $2.00

Ms. Tree

__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 *Sold out*
__ 3 $1.50 __ 4 $1.50
__ 5 $1.50 __ 6 $1.50
__ 7 $1.50 __ 8 $1.50
__ 9 $1.75



©Wildey

Sabre

__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 *Sold out*
__ 3 *Sold out* __ 4 $2.00
__ 5 $2.00 __ 6 $1.75
__ 7 $1.75 __ 8 $1.75
__ 9 $1.75 __ 10 $1.75
__ 11 $1.75

Scorpio Rose

__ 1 $2.00 __ 2 $1.75

Star*Reach Classics

__ 1 *Sold out* __ 2 $1.75
__ 3 $1.75 __ 4 $1.75
__ 5 $1.75 __ 6 $1.75

Surge

__ 1 $1.75 __ 2 $1.50

Zot!

__ 1 $2.50 __ 2 $2.00
__ 3 $1.75 __ 4 $1.50
__ 5 $1.50

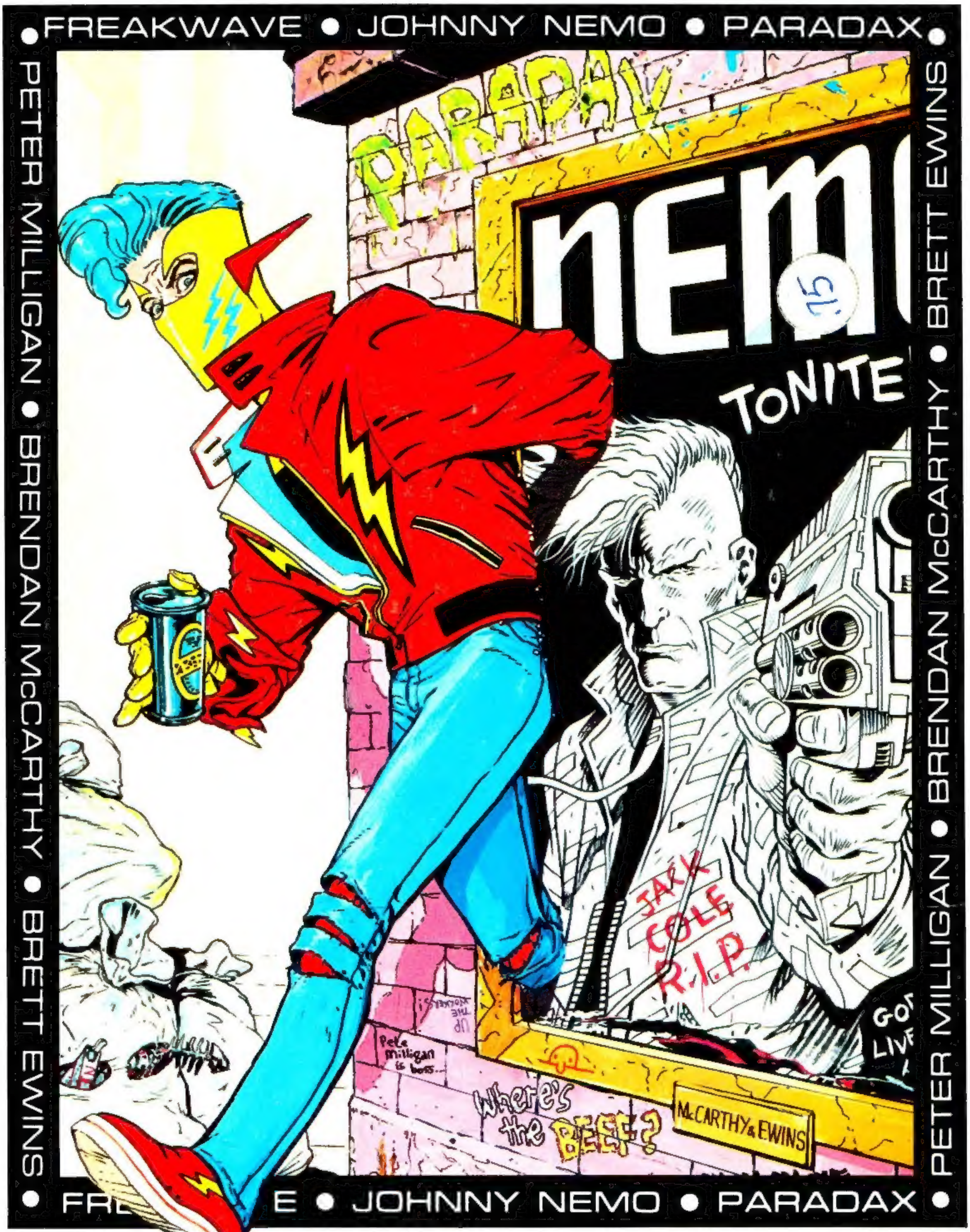
©Silver Linings

All prices include postage.
The latest ECLIPSE EXTRA included free with each order.

TOTAL enclosed: _____

Mail to: ECLIPSE COMICS
Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446

SPREAD THE WORD!


• FREAKWAVE • JOHNNY NEMO • PARADAX •
• PETER MILLIGAN • BRENDAN McCARTHY • BRETT EWINS •
PARADAX
nem
TONITE
JAKE COLE R.I.P.
Where's the BEEF?
McCARTHY & EWINS
• SNIW • BRETT EWINS • BRENDAN McCARTHY • PETER MILLIGAN •
• FREAKWAVE • JOHNNY NEMO • PARADAX •

STRANGE DAYS